

CELEBRATION
OF THE
Seventy-fifth Anniversary
OF
THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY
OF SAVANNAH
MAY 1, 1861.

PUBLISHED IN COMPLIANCE WITH A RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE CORPS.

Hoc enim sentio, nisi in bonis, amicitiam esse non posse. Epsa virtus amicitiam
gignit et continet, nec sine virtute esse amicitia ullo pacto potest.
Virtus, virtus inquam, conciliat amicitiias et conservat.—CICERO.

Savannah:
JOHN M. COOPER AND COMPANY.
1861.

Proceedings of the Day.

The first of May being the SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY of the CHATHAM ARTILLERY, that Company assembled in full uniform, at the Armory, at half-past nine o'clock, A. M.

Leaving the yard at ten o'clock, with a battery consisting of six six-pounder guns and two twelve-pounder howitzers, and with a full brass band, the Corps was marched to the residence of Capt. JOSEPH S. CLAGHORN in South Broad Street, where a beautiful Confederate Flag was presented, in the name and on behalf of the Wives and Daughters of the Non-Commissioned Officers, by Second Lieutenant JULIAN HARTRIDGE, accompanying the presentation by the following address.

CAPTAIN CLAGHORN AND FELLOW SOLDIERS

OF THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY :

I have been requested to present to you this Flag as a gift from the Ladies of the families of your Non-Commissioned officers. At all times and under any circumstances, the performance of such a task would be most grateful to my feelings. Even were you citizen-soldiers of a country upon which peace and prosperity were smiling, and within whose borders no call had yet resounded to arms to meet an invading foe ; even were this banner intended simply as a decoration upon festive occasions, or to be borne by you only amid the "pomp and pageantry of mimic war;" even under such circumstances, it would still be a source

of pride to me, to be the chosen medium of transmitting to you an evidence of interest in your welfare and desire for your success.

But this is no plaything of peace that I am commissioned to present you. It is intended to subserve a higher, a holier, a more solemn purpose. It is entrusted to your care as the ensign of your country's honor, to be borne against her foes, and to be defended from disgrace with the same zeal, the same courage, the same energy, with which you would protect the good name of mother or sister.

The fair donors have chosen as your banner, the ensign of a nation which, although infant in age, has yet proudly claimed its place among the nations of the earth, and has cast the gauntlet of its defiance at the feet of its foes. Already has that ensign waved amid the smoke of battle and the din of contending forces; and already has victory perched upon it. Even now thousands of your countrymen are gathering around it, leaving homes, and wives, and everything, to die, if need be, in its defence. The future seems to promise that soon you too will be called on to bear it in defence of home, and country, and honor. Should that time come, I charge you, in the name of those who give it, to remember how sacred is the charge committed to your care. Remember that all the incentives which can sway the heart or animate the soul of man, whether of love, or pride, or patriotism, cluster around this banner. It is the representative of your national existence—the protection of your domestic safety and happiness—the embodiment of that pure spirit of patriotism, which "deems a stain upon one's country as individual disgrace." Above all, remember that although the tear of affection may glisten in the eye of woman as she bids you farewell, although her cheek may pale, and her lip may quiver with anxiety and apprehension that you may never return—that same eye will flash with the fire of indignation, that same cheek will mantle with the blush of shame, that same lip will curl with scorn and contempt, should you return with the flag which woman gave you tarnished by disgrace.

But I feel no fear, nor do those who gave it, as to what will be the fate of this flag in your hands. I look back through the history of your body, and I find in the past everything to give hope and confidence in the future. I look upon you now on this, your seventy-fifth anniversary,

and see your organization more powerful than ever, and animated with the firm determination never to disgrace the fair fame or the good name of the Chatham Artillery.

To you, Captain CLAGHORN, as the commanding officer of this Corps, I commit this flag, with the assurance upon the part of the donors, of their confident belief that under your command, although time, or the elements, or the smoke of battle may tarnish the materials of which it is composed, the honor that encircles it will be preserved as pure and chaste, as when entrusted to your care.

Capt. CLAGHORN upon receiving the flag, responded on behalf of the Company, as follows :

LIEUTENANT HARTRIDGE :

It becomes my pleasing duty on behalf of our fellow-soldiers, to accept at your hands, as the representative of the Fair Donors, this beautiful Banner. Permit me to return to them and to you, our heartfelt thanks for this patriotic manifestation of their friendship, this marked expression of their confidence in our courage, and their reliance upon our devotion to our Country.

Tell them, sir, that we will treasure up in our memories the kind words and wise counsels with which they have accompanied its presentation ; and when the struggle comes, as soon it may, when upon the battle-field, weary and faint with the strife and the contest, as we turn our eyes upon its bright stars, with renewed courage and strength, we will with one defiant shout, strike again for them, our homes, and our liberties.

Fellow-Soldiers—The Spartan mother when she sent her son to battle, gave him a shield with this parting injunction, “*either with it, or upon it.*” It is with the same sentiment the fair Wives of our Non-Commissioned Officers have this day committed to your charge this sacred banner, the chosen symbol of a new-born Republic, just struggling into existence. Ere its bright stars or spotless field be polluted by the ruthless hand of the destroyers of this once glorious Union, let its silken folds enshroud the last of its defenders !

The flag was then saluted, the band playing the Marseilles Hymn.

The ceremony of the Presentation and Reception of the Flag concluded, the Corps proceeded to the Atheneum, where, in the presence of the Company occupying the parquette, and of a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, the following prayer was offered to Almighty God, by the Chaplain, Private WILLIAM S. BOGART.

Almighty and ever lasting God! that rulest all things by Thy Divine power in Heaven and earth, Thou art our God, and we will praise Thee; Thou hast been our fathers' God, and we will adore Thee. Thou hast not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities—else had we been consumed. We acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and our obligations to Thee. We confess our sins; we deplore our transgressions; and we invoke Thy forgiveness. Let not Thy anger rise against us, nor cast us off from Thy favor forever. In the midst of wrath, O Lord! remember mercy. Look with compassion upon our beloved land, rent with civil war, and stay the evils which beset us. Thou sittest in the throne, judging right; judge, we pray Thee, between us and our enemies. Make it appear that Thou art our Saviour and Mighty Deliverer. Stir up Thy strength, O Lord! and come and help us, for thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few. Be therefore, our Mighty Defender.

We beseech Thee, O God! with Thy especial favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the Confederate States, and all others in authority over us. Give them wisdom of counsel, integrity of purpose, and firmness of will in their several duties and stations. Above all, replenish them with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that they may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. We pray too, for our representatives in the Congress now assembled, that Thou wouldest be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, and the safety, honor, and wel-

fare of Thy people. May our new Confederacy be built on the foundations of private virtue and public morality, consecrated by the spirit of religion and of reverent obedience to Thy holy will. May it recognize Thee as the source of all its prosperity, and the giver of all its success. Thus only shall it be to us and our children, a fountain of public and private blessings.

And, O Eternal God! in whose inscrutable providence, we have come to the verge of civil strife, and may soon stand face to face with the dangers of battle, receive, we beseech Thee, into Thy almighty protection, the persons and lives of us, Thy servants, and this military body in which we serve. Save us from the dangers to which we are exposed, from sickness, from accident, and from the violence of enemies, that we may be a safeguard to this commonwealth, and a security to its people. Graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtlety of the devil or man worketh against us, may by Thy good providence be brought to naught. Support us and our cause under the heavy troubles which threaten our beloved State. Give our people an abiding faith and trust in Thee. May we have courage to resist the wrong, and moral strength to do what is right. May truth, justice and religion be the ruling principles of our hearts, and the guides of our lives. And whether in peace or in war, may we all obey Thy requirement to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.

And now, O Heavenly Father, we commit our cause, our fellow-citizens, our families, and ourselves to Thy holy keeping. Fit us to live to Thy honor and glory, and when we shall have served Thee in our generation, may we all be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favor with Thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world. These things and all else that we need, we humbly ask through the merits of Him, whom Thou hast given to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and an ensample of godly life—Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

Upon the Stage sat the Color Guard, with the Confederate Flag but a few moments before presented to the Corps,—the commissioned officers of the Chatham Artillery,—three Ex-Captains of the Company,—Officers of the Confederate Army, and of the Volunteer Corps of the City,—and a number of the prominent citizens of Savannah.

The prayer was followed by music from the band occupying the orchestra; after which, the following Oration was pronounced by First Lieutenant CHARLES C. JONES, Jr., the Orator of the Day.

Oration.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS:

Seventy-five years with all their hopes and fears, fortunes and misfortunes, pleasures and sorrows, have been gathered within the enfolding arms of an inexorable Past, and the Chatham Artillery still lives; not in the decrepitude of age, and the weakness of decay, but in the noon-tide of prosperity, and in all the freshness and vigor of a matured, established manhood. Three quarters of a century ago, few in numbers, but brave in heart, and animated with pure, noble, and patriotic impulses, our organization had its birth. To-day, upon our muster roll of active members, appear the names of ninety fresh-lipped men, good and true, mindful of the obligations which devolve upon them as members of society, and alive to the responsibilities which they have assumed as citizen soldiers. Our burnished battery gleams brightly in the morning sun, and our crimson plumes are nodding gaily in the soft airs of Spring.

Our bosoms beating high with honest pride, with friendship for each other, and with a sincere devotion to the honor, the dignity, and the every interest of our Company, we are met to celebrate the SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY of our time-honored Corps—a Corps

surviving the shocks and changes incident to volunteer military organizations,—maintaining since its inception a permanent, uninterrupted, active existence,—performing at all times and in all places, with alacrity, with zeal and with ability, the duties which have devolved upon it, and standing this day confessedly *the oldest volunteer military company within the limits of these Confederate States.*

Age itself imparts a dignity. The eloquence of the orator falls upon the ear in more commanding tones, as it comes re-echoed by the voices of centuries; and the gleam of the warrior's sword grows brighter still, as it flashes forth from out the darkness of the Past. The strong fortress of to-day, with its heavy bastions and glittering armament, seems far less attractive than the old castle bending beneath the weight of years, its high towers over-shadowed by the clustering ivy, its silent walls tapestryed with the moss of centuries. Age does indeed impress its seal of consecration upon men and matter.

It is meet then, Fellow-Soldiers, in reviewing the history of our Company, that we should contemplate with peculiar pride and pleasure the longevity of our Corps. Looking down the current of time, what revolutions of States, what wars, what commotions, what changes of empire since that day, when with a battery of only two four-pounder guns, we first saluted the immortal memory of Saint Tammany, the tutelar Saint of América! Other volunteer military organizations there were, in

this City and elsewhere, prior to and coeval with our own; but wearied with the heat and the burthen of the day, faint-hearted they have fallen; and only here and there, upon the dusty pages of neglected newspaper files are seen occasional notices of their former existence, "like sea-shells found where the ocean has been, to tell that the great tide of life was once there."

The organization of our Corps was the legitimate result of a practical patriotic recognition by the members who first composed it, of the necessities which then existed for the formation of an artillery corps within our City. Its founders were men who had many of them in person braved the dangers of the Revolution; who intelligently appreciated the priceless value of that liberty which had been so dearly bought, and who were prepared themselves sacredly to cherish, and vigorously to defend its existence. They were men feelingly alive to the fact, that in a country such as that which we then possessed, when dangers threatened, the first, the surest reliance must be placed upon citizen soldiers. Experience has fully demonstrated the truth of the proposition, that at least in free and enlightened republics, the well-ordered volunteer military organizations are in peace, the natural guardians of law, that to them in times of peril must we look for the earliest, the most effectual protection. They were men too, who had here erected their family altars, and who had linked their fortunes with the destinies of our rising City,—men of respectability and of character,—aware of their true positions

and responsibilities as citizens of a Republic just born into the sisterhood of nations,—and entertaining for each other that sincere regard, which is the offspring of kindred hopes, of kindred interests, and of kindred virtues.

The remark of the Roman orator, that true friendship cannot obtain except among good men, and that no alliance can long exist, which does not find its origin in a friendship based upon virtue; is as applicable now, as it was when he announced it centuries ago, amid the quiet, beautiful shades of his Tuscan villa.

Our organization, Fellow-Soldiers, was the child of that heroic age which followed hard upon the eight years struggle for American Independence. Our first Captain, EDWARD LLOYD, a Lieutenant in the service, testified his devotion to the cause of Freedom, amid the dangers and the carnage of several bravely fought fields, and was finally sorely wounded at the siege of Savannah. While the surgeon was dressing the stump from which his arm had been rudely torn by a cannon ball, Major JAMES JACKSON observing to him, that his prospects were rendered unpromising, by reason of this heavy burthen which hard fate had imposed upon him, a young man just entering into life; LLOYD replied, that unpromising as they were, he would not willingly exchange them for the feelings of Lieutenant STEDMAN, who had fled at the commencement of the assault.

With a Spartan heroism worthy of all admiration, he preferred the scars and the maiming of Freedom's

battle-field, to security purchased at the sacrifice of honor and of patriotism.

Although the hostile fleets, which hovered about our coasts, had spread their farewell sails for far-distant ports;—although the tramp of British soldiery was no more heard within our borders,—and the summer air, freed from the noisome vapors and the rude alarms of war, was filled with the sweet perfume of flowers, and the melody of song-birds, peace and tranquility did not entirely prevail within the limits of Georgia upon the suspension of hostilities between England and America. The war-whoop of the Indian still resounded in the deep recesses of neighboring forests, and bands of marauding negroes were at large upon the outskirts of our immediate settlements.

It will be remembered, that among the British forces occupying Savannah during and after its memorable siege, were numbered three hundred slaves. Upon the evacuation, taking refuge in the fastnesses of our swamps, and still styling themselves the “King of England’s Soldiers,” they attracted to themselves numerous run-aways, and made constant inroads upon the settlements on both sides of the Savannah River, plundering and murdering to the alarm and disquietude of the citizens. Serious apprehensions were also entertained, that the lawless, improper, and most deleterious influence exerted by these free-booters, might and would lead to a general and bloody insurrection of the slaves in this vicinity.

The earliest military duty performed by our Corps was in May, 1786. The first regiment of the Chatham County militia, to which our Company was attached was then ordered into service, for the purpose in connection with certain troops from Beaufort District in South-Carolina, of dispersing these lawless marauders, who had established a formidable encampment on Bear Creek in Effingham County. Enclosing a space of ground about the half of a mile in length, and some four hundred feet in width, with a breast-work four feet high, composed of logs and large canes, which they obtained from the adjacent swamps, they there fixed their permanent head-quarters. From thence predatory parties constantly issued, who, after the commission of sundry outrages, would return laden with spoils. On the sixth of May, 1786, this fortified camp was attacked, and its occupants completely routed. Some were killed, others wounded, more captured. Their houses—twenty-one in number—were burned, and their crops destroyed. Thus, in a tour of duty lasting but a few days, and without the loss of a single member, did the Chatham Artillery assist in ridding the State of one of the most dangerous and best disciplined bands of marauders, which ever infested our borders.

It cannot be questioned, my Fellow-Soldiers, but that the existence of these domestic troubles, and the prospect of immediate service, had much to do with the original establishment of our Corps. With its first

members, it was an organization formed not only for the pursuit of rational amusement, for manly exercise and proficiency in an important arm of military service, and for the cultivation of friendship, but chiefly designed as a reliable source of protection at home, as an organized efficient band of Cannoniers, prepared at a moment's warning, to render their every aid in sustaining the peace, the good order, the security of their City, their State, and of their Country.

That primal object has been freely and generously effectuated in after years, whenever and wherever opportunity occurred.

With this brief historic sketch of the inception and earliest duties of our Company, we are the better prepared intelligently to appreciate the true character and peculiar excellencies of the original Preamble, which still remains prefixed to our Rules and Regulations.

“Impressed with a firm belief that the safety of the glorious institutions under which we live, and which have been bequeathed to us as a sacred and inestimable legacy, purchased by the blood and toil of the Fathers of the Republic, depends upon a well regulated and strictly disciplined militia; that such a militia is especially necessary in the community in which we live, from the peculiar character of our population, which renders it necessary to be always prepared, and ever on the alert to meet a danger which may have its being among us without our knowledge, and may break forth in our most unsuspecting moments:—fully convinced

that it is the duty of every citizen to contribute not only to the necessary pecuniary exigencies of his country, when demanded, but to be prepared in times of danger, when the peace, and welfare, and dignity of that country are threatened, to interpose his person as a shield and safeguard between her and dishonor; that to obtain this laudable and honorable object, a proper organization, and a strict bond of union and of action are required, as well in peace as in war; and that a corps devoted to the service of Field Artillery is an honorable, important, and efficient branch of the National or State defence,—affording the best opportunity to render valuable those services which it is our duty and our desire to proffer to our beloved country on all occasions, when the support of her rights or interests may demand them:—We, the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Privates of the Chatham Artillery, whose names are hereunto subscribed, for the purposes above recited, and with a view to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, and especially of that portion more particularly embraced by the title of our association, do hereby solemnly agree to the following ‘Rules for the Government of the Chatham Artillery.’ * * * *And we do hereby pledge our honor, of which our signature is witness, that we will, to the best of our ability and understanding, devote ourselves to the advancement of the interests of the Corps, to which we have voluntarily attached ourselves, by all honorable means; and ardently coöperate in the increase of its strength, respectability, and discipline; and that we will foster and maintain*

sentiments of respect and affection towards each other, as soldiers and citizens; and, united as a band of brothers, devote ourselves, when occasion requires it, to the service of our Country."

The reflection, Brother Members of the Chatham Artillery, that for a period of seventy-five years we have endeavored faithfully and zealously to redeem the pledges thus early given, is fraught with emotions the most pleasing and satisfactory. And hither are we come, in the sweet sunlight of this beautiful May morning, in the presence of each other, and of this cloud of attesting witnesses, and in the full blaze of the dawning glories of our young Confederacy, to renew the vows, and to ratify the ennobling obligations which our Fathers in their patriotism, and the just claims of our beloved Country have devolved upon us.

The first funeral honors ever paid by our Corps, were those rendered upon the occasion of the burial of General GREENE, in June, 1786.

Of all the brave leaders who had distinguished themselves during the war of the Revolution, he was perhaps, next to Washington, the one who at that moment held the highest place in the public esteem. Few men have ever built themselves a name upon purer or more durable foundations.

The year previous, General OGLETHORPE at the advanced age of more than a century, had yielded up his spirit into the hands of the great God who gave it. Upon the white mural tablet in the chancel of Cranham

Church is engraven the record of his many virtues, the catalogue of his signal services. In nothing was he more illustrious, than in being the successful founder of the Colony of Georgia. Thus, within the short space of one year, was our City called upon to mourn the demise of both the Author of her being, and the Defender of her liberties.

The remains of General GREENE were brought from his seat near Savannah, to this City for sepulture.

We are indebted to a public journal of the day for the following account of the ceremonies attending his interment :

“On Monday last, the 19th day of June, died at his seat near Savannah, NATHANIEL GREENE Esq., late Major General in the Army of the United States ; and on Tuesday morning his remains were brought to town to be interred.

“The melancholy account of his death was made known by the discharge of minute guns from Fort Wayne; the shipping in the harbour had their colours half mast'd; the shops and stores in the town were shut; and every class of citizens, suspending their ordinary occupations, united in giving testimonies of deepest sorrow.

“The several military corps of the town, and a great part of the militia of Chatham County, attended the funeral, and moved in the following procession :

THE CORPS OF ARTILLERY,
The Light Infantry,
The Militia of Chatham County,
Clergymen and Physicians,
Band of Music
The CORPSE AND PALL-BEARERS,
Escorted on Each Side by a Company of Dragoons,
The Principal Mourners,
The Members of the Cincinnati as Mourners,
The Speaker of the Assembly,
And other Civil Officers of the State,
Citizens and Strangers.

About five o'clock the whole proceeded, the Music playing the Dead March in Saul, *and the Artillery firing minute guns as it advanced.* When the military reached the vault in which the body was to be entombed, they opened to the right and left, and, resting on reversed arms, let it pass through. The funeral service being performed, and the corpse deposited, *thirteen discharges from the artillery, and three from the musketry,* closed the scene. The whole was conducted with a solemnity suitable to the occasion."

Thus Fellow Soldiers, did our time-honored Company in its very infancy inaugurate that worthy custom — a custom which has never, during a period of three-quarters of a century, been abandoned or in a single instance omitted,—of rendering willing tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. And surely to the honest patriotic heart, there can be,—under the melan-

choly circumstances which attend,— no higher gratification, than the privilege of in person paying the last funeral honors to those, whom in life the nation delighted to regard with esteem and gratitude.

In the language of Seneca, great and good men are given by the Gods for ensamples to the world. Them while living we admire; when dead, their memory we will revere, their virtues we will emulate.

On the fourth of July, 1786, the Chatham Artillery united for the first time, in celebrating the Anniversary of American Independence. After the lapse of so many years, it may not be deemed uninteresting to note the proceedings of that day. I quote from the *Georgia Gazette*, of July 6th, 1786:

“Tuesday last being the Anniversary of INDEPENDENCE, the Officers of the Chatham County Militia, and a respectable number of Citizens, dined together at the Court House, when the following toasts were drank, accompanied by 13 discharges of cannon from Capt. Lloyd’s Artillery:

- “1. The United States.
- “2. The State of Georgia.
- “3. General Washington, or the American Farmer.
- “4. The immortal Memory of our late virtuous Fellow Citizen, General Greene.
- “5. The glorious Memory of those who fell in the Support of American Independence.
- “6. The Protector of the Rights of Mankind, Louis XVI.

“7 Agriculture and Commerce, and the honest Ploughman and Merchant who contribute to their Advancement.

“8. May the Navy of America be employed as the Scourge of Tyrants, and the Basis of Western Freedom.

“9. May the Arts and Sciences of the East find a perpetual Asylum in the free and independent Regions of the West.

“10. The glorious 4th July, 1776.

“11. The American Mothers.

“12. Harmony and Unanimity to the Councils of Georgia, and Wisdom and Respect to those of the Continent.

“13. UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

“The day was spent with those demonstrations of joy and festivity which ought to mark the *Era* of happiness and freedom to the *Western World*. *In the evening, Capt. Lloyd's Company of Artillery exhibited a lively and striking scene of fire-works, which did honor to the abilities of the Captain and his Company, AND WHICH WE ARE HAPPY TO ASSURE THE PUBLICK, BIDS FAIR TO BE EQUAL TO ANY CORPS OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.*”

Will it now be regarded as an act of egotism for us my Fellow Soldiers, to claim, that the bud of promise, then just unfolding in its earliest existence, has expanded into the proportions, the beauty, and the attractions of the perfect flower? For the Editor of this venerable Journal, who thus generously awarded the meed of praise to our youthful organization, we shall cherish the

warmest esteem; and although neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, we will cheerfully accord to him powers of divination more reliable than those possessed even by the renowned Pythia, Priestess of Apollo at Delphi.

Ten years before, in Independence Hall a deed had been done, which scarce finds a parallel in the annals of the world. Amid those feelings of honor, of pride, and of gratification, which are the legitimate results of an intelligent appreciation of our present national existence as a Great Southern Republic, let us not forget the consecrated associations which cluster around all that was good, all that was holy in the old Union. Above all, as citizens of Georgia,—one of the original Thirteen,—let us ever cherish in liveliest remembrance, the immortal memories of the fourth of July 1776. They are ours, and neither the lapse of time, nor the revolutions of States, shall rob us of them. Although the foul exhalations of a modern fanaticism are polluting the free air which floats around that venerable building, still, Independence Hall, as the Cradle of American Liberty, shall remain forever sacred. Adopting the invocation of an accomplished Orator, let time respect, and violence spare it, and the ruthless hand of embellishment have mercy upon it. Let every stone, and every brick, and every plank, and every bolt, from the foundation to the pinnacle, be sacred. Let the rains of heaven fall softly upon the roof, and the winds of winter beat gently at the door. Let it stand to the end of time,

second only to Mount Vernon, as the sanctuary of American Patriotism. Let generation on generation of those who taste the blessings of the great Declaration, pay their homage at the shrine, and deem it no irreverence as they kneel in gratitude to the Providence which guided and inspired the men who assembled therein, to call its walls salvation and its gates praise.

Seventy-four times has our Battery saluted the morning Sun, as he ushered in the annual dawn of that illustrious day. Long may its thunders proclaim the greatness of its memories, and awaken responsive echoes in the hearts of all true lovers of freedom.

There appears, at an early period in our history, to have existed a marked intimacy between the Chatham Artillery and the Society of the Cincinnati; an association whose avowed object was the cultivation of friendly relations between the officers of the Revolution, and their immediate descendants. The first of May—a day consecrated to the memory of Saint Tammany, the Tutelar Saint of America,—and the Fourth of July were often celebrated by them in Company; the festivities of each occasion concluding with a bountiful repast, enlivened by regular and volunteer toasts redolent of patriotism, of admiration for the sex, and of cherished devotion to the memory of the illustrious departed. Rendered famous by these assemblages, “Brown’s Coffee House” and the “Filature,” will never be forgotten in the history of our City.

Particular attention was paid by our Company for

many years to the art of Pyrotechny — especially as connected with the science of gunnery,— the manufacture of fire-balls, rockets, light-balls, port-fires, slow-matches, signals, &c. It was by no means unusual for the ceremonies of a marked occasion to be terminated by a creditable and interesting exhibition of fire-works prepared by the Corps. In 1808, an association of members was formed for the express purpose of acquiring more extended practical knowledge, information, and skill in this department. Convening one afternoon in each week at the “Laboratory,”—a wooden building then used by the Corps, and occupying the lot upon which our Armory now stands,— they zealously prosecuted their labors, cheerfully contributing toward the defrayment of all expenses incurred.

The name of THOMAS ELFE, our second Captain, will be ever remembered in the history of our Corps, if for no other reason, because of the fact that he was in command of the Company, when in an organized capacity, we united with our fellow citizens in paying every mark of respect, and in extending the warmest welcome to General WASHINGTON, when in 1791 he visited our City, and for a few days as a great and good Father communed in person with his loving and admiring children.

It is a proud recollection my Brother Soldiers, that our time-honored Company then participated in the illustrious ceremonies of that day,— each member with eager acclaim swelling the universal welcome which rose

from the assembled multitude,—our well-trained battery meanwhile thundering forth its joyful salutes;—a proud recollection that with him we joined in the festivities of a generous and patriotic board, from his lips receiving expressions of marked approbation, and that we finally became the happy recipients at his hands of those proofs of his esteem and regard,—THE WASHINGTON GUNS,—which are cherished with an attachment, to which the lapse of time but lends an additional consecration.

We may readily conjecture the emotions of General WASHINGTON, as his feet for the first time pressed the soil of our City. The organic remains of our Revolutionary period still existed, recalling every recollection of that hard-fought struggle. Within the consecrated confines of yonder necropolis, reposed the remains of his bosom friend and compatriot in arms, the noble GREENE. Where the ebbing tide of the Savannah meets and mingles with the restless waves of the broad Atlantic; where the morning air, fragrant with the sweet perfumes of a land smiling in that peace and liberty which he died to secure, is ever breathing a heartfelt requiem for the departed hero, was sleeping the young and gallant Pole, the beloved PULASKI. The earth-mounds which covered the dead who fell during the siege of Savannah, had not then yielded to the obliterating influences of the tempest; and some of the houses within the limits of our City, still indicated the marks of the hostile missiles of death which were hurled that day. Around him gathered many who had themselves passed through the baptism

of fire, some of them bearing about their persons the honorable scars of that patriotic struggle. All, filled with the valiant memories of the Past, rejoicing in the independence of the Present, and overflowing with a sincere admiration for him, who under the guidance of a superintending Providence had achieved these grand results, crowded around the Hero of the Revolution, striving in generous emulation to outvie the one the other in doing him every honor. Surely he, who amid the cloud and rush of battle paused to shed tears of heartfelt sorrow over the bleeding form of the chivalrous MERCER, must have been deeply moved upon this occasion; feelingly impressed by the monuments and the memories of the Past,—joyfully alive to the prospect so glorious, of confidence restored, of agriculture and commerce established, of society prospering under a sense of security, of freedom, and of good government,—and tenderly sensible of the grateful and affectionate admiration of his fellow countrymen, a reward most worthy the appreciation of so great and good a man.

We may well pause for a moment, my Fellow Soldiers, to review the incidents of those days. In the history of our Corps, they are marked with white stones: in the annals of our City, they appear invested with a peculiar attraction. I quote from the *Georgia Gazette*, of May 19th, 1791:

“On Thursday morning the President arrived at Parysburgh, where he was received by the Committee who had been deputed by a number of the citizens of Savan-

nah and its vicinity for that purpose, and to conduct him to the City in a boat, which had been equipped and neatly ornamented for the occasion. The President with the Committee, his Secretary, Major JACKSON, Major BUTLER, General WAYNE, and Mr. BAILLIE, embarked at Puryburgh between ten and eleven o'clock, and was rowed down the River by nine American Captains, viz: Captains PUTNAM, COURTER, RICE, FISHER, HUNTINGDON, KERSHAW, SWAIN, MCINTIRE, and MORRISON, who were dressed in light blue silk jackets, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, and round hats with black ribbons having the words LONG LIVE THE PRESIDENT, in letters of gold. Within ten miles of the City, they were met by a number of gentlemen in several boats; and as the President passed by them, a band of music played the celebrated song, "*He comes, the Hero comes,*" accompanied with several voices. On his approach to the City, the concourse on the bluff, and the crowds which had pressed into the vessels, evinced the general joy which had been inspired by the visit of this most beloved of men, and the ardent desire of all ranks and conditions of people to be gratified by his presence. Upon arriving at the upper part of the harbor, he was saluted from the wharves and by the shipping, and particularly by the ship Thomas Wilson, — Capt. WHITE,—which was beautifully decorated with the colors of various nations. At the foot of the stairs where the President landed, he was received by Colonel GUNN and General JACKSON, who introduced him to

the Mayor and Aldermen of the City. *The Artillery Company saluted him with twenty-six discharges from their field-pieces*, and he was then conducted to a house prepared by the corporation for his accommodation, in St. James' Square, in the following order of procession:

Light Infantry Company,
Field Officers and other Officers of the Militia,
Marshal of the City,
Treasurer, Clerk and Recorder,
Aldermen, the Mayor,
President and Suit,
Committee of Citizens,
Members of the Cincinnati,
Citizens two and two,
ARTILLERY COMPANY.

“The President and Suit dined with the Corporation at six o'clock the same day, and were conducted to Brown's Coffee House by the Mayor of the City, and the President of the Cincinnati. Many distinguished gentlemen by invitation partook of the entertainment prepared. Sundry patriotic toasts were drank, *each succeeded by discharges from the field-pieces of the Artillery*. In the evening the City was beautifully illuminated. The next day, the President dined with the Society of the Cincinnati of Georgia, at Brown's Coffee House, *the toasts offered being accompanied by federal salutes from the Artillery*.

“In the evening, a Ball in honor of the President, was given at the Long Room in the Filature. At half-

past 8 o'clock, the President honored the Company with his presence, and was personally introduced by one of the Managers to 96 ladies, who were elegantly dressed, some of whom displayed infinite taste in the emblems and devices on their sashes and head-dresses, out of respect to the happy occasion.

"The room, which had been lately handsomely fitted up, and was well lighted, afforded the President an excellent opportunity of viewing the Fair Sex of our City and vicinity, and the ladies the gratification of paying their respects to our Federal Chief.

"After a few minuets were moved and one country dance led down, the President and his Suit retired about 11 o'clock. At 12 o'clock the supper room was opened, and the ladies partook of a repast, after which dances continued until 3 o'clock. The company retired with the happy satisfaction of having generally contributed towards the hilarity and gaiety of the evening.

"On Saturday morning, the President attended by Gen. McINTOSH and several other gentlemen, took a view of the remaining traces of the lines constructed by the British for the defence of Savannah in 1779; the General having been second in command under General LINCOLN at storming them, had an opportunity of giving an account of every thing interesting during the siege and in the attack.

"In the afternoon, the President honored the Citizens with his company at a dinner prepared for him under a beautiful arbor, supported by three rows of pillars, en-

tirely covered with laurel and bay leaves, so as to exhibit uniform green columns. The pillars were higher than the arbor, and ornamented above it by festoons, and connected below by arches covered in the same manner. The place on which it stood was judiciously chosen, presenting at once a view of the city and of the shipping in the harbor, with an extensive prospect of the river and rice lands both above and below the town. But the principal advantage which resulted from its situation and structure, was the opportunity which it afforded to a great body of people to have a distinct and uninterrupted view of that object to which all eyes and hearts appeared to be attracted.

“A company of nearly 200 citizens and strangers dined under it, and the satisfaction which each one enjoyed in paying this personal tribute to the merit of a man, who is, if possible, more beloved for his goodness than admired for his greatness, produced a degree of convivial and harmonious mirth rarely experienced.

“Every one beheld with delight in the person of our President, the able General, the virtuous Patriot, the profound Politician; in a word, one of the most shining ornaments that ever dignified human nature.

“*The Artillery Company dined under another arbor, erected at a small distance, and received merited applause for the great dexterity which they displayed in firing, at each toast.* Their fires were returned by Fort Wayne, and the ship Thomas Wilson which was moored opposite the arbor; her decorations through the day, and illumination at night had a fine effect.

"The following toasts were given: The United States of America. Prosperity to the Citizens of Savannah and its vicinity. [By the President.] The Fair of America. The Vice President of the United States. The memorable Era of Independence. The Count d'Estaing. The Memory of Gen. Greene. The Arts and Sciences. The Memory of those brave men who fell before the Lines of Savannah, on the 9th of October, 1779. The Friends to Free and Equal Government throughout the Globe. All foreign Powers in Friendship with the United States. May Religion and Philosophy always triumph over Superstition and Prejudice in America.
THE PRESENT DEXTEROUS CORPS OF ARTILLERY.
[The President's toast.] (After the President retired,) The President of the United States.

"The construction of the arbor, and the manner in which the entertainment was provided and conducted, did great honor to the gentlemen to whose direction the whole was committed.

"In the evening there was a handsome exhibition of fireworks, and the amusements of this day of joy and festivity were concluded by a Concert.

"On Sunday morning, the President attended Divine Service in Christ Church, and soon after set out on his way to Augusta. On taking his leave of the Mayor and Committee of the Citizens, he politely expressed his sense of the attention shewn him by the Corporation and every denomination of people during his stay in Savannah. He was attended out of the City by a num-

ber of gentlemen, and escorted by a detachment of Augusta dragoons, commanded by Major AMBROSE GORDON. At the Spring Hill, the President was received by General JACKSON, where the Artillery and Light Infantry Companies were drawn up, and was there saluted by 39 discharges from the field pieces, and 13 volleys of platoons. After which he proceeded with several gentlemen to Mulbury Grove, the seat of the late Maj. Gen. GREENE, where he dined, and then resumed his tour."

The day after the departure of General WASHINGTON, the following card appeared in the public journals of our City :

"General JACKSON requests *Captains Elfe of the Artillery*, and Montfort of the Volunteer Infantry, to accept his best thanks for their soldierly conduct at the reception, during the stay, and on the departure of the President. He likewise presents his thanks to the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of each Corps.

"IT IS A PLEASURE TO THE GENERAL TO ANNOUNCE TO THE ARTILLEBY THE VERY GENERAL APPLAUSE THEY RECEIVED ON SATURDAY, AND, WHAT OUGHT TO IMMORTALIZE THE CORPS, THE APPROBATION OF THEIR CONDUCT, EXPRESSED IN THE WARMEST TERMS, BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES. THE GENERAL HOPES THAT THIS CHARACTER, SO FIRMLY ESTABLISHED, WILL LONG CONTINUE THEM AN ORNAMENT TO THE MILITIA, AND AN HONOR TO THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

"The Field Officers of the Chatham Regiment will be pleased to communicate this order, and to receive the General's highest commendations for their attention to the duties required of them.

"JAS. JACKSON,

"Brigadier General 1st District.

"Savannah, May 16, 1791."

Eight years afterwards, in the delightful and honorable retirement of Mount Vernon, serene as a summer sky when storms are hushed, WASHINGTON, the Patriot, the Warrior, the Sage, the Statesman, and the Christian, laying aside his well-worn armor, ascended to the God of Justice and of Truth, whose child he was. A nation was clothed in the habiliments of mourning, and the City of Oglethorpe testified her interest in the general sorrow.

Time forbids that we dwell upon the solemnities of that occasion. Suffice it to say, my Fellow Soldiers, that the Chatham Artillery united in the funeral cortege, with side arms "mourned," our battery with slow and solemn salute paying its farewell tribute to the memory of departed worth.

Although the moss-clad vault upon the banks of the Potomac enfolds within its silent embrace the moulder-dering form of this majestic Hero, the recollection of his great deeds, his good thoughts, and of his many virtues, still lives, and is cherished by none with a purer devotion than by us, Brother Members of the Chatham Artillery. We have in our own keeping the pledges of

his esteem, the proofs of his commendation and approval. We will guard sacredly the gift. We will see to it, that the stains of neglect and of forgetfulness shall not in after years tarnish the now burnished barrels of our WASHINGTON GUNS. We will see to it, that their now silent voices,—silent, because peace is as yet spreading her white wings over our beloved City,—are lifted in thunder tones, whenever the principles which he inculcated are denied, whenever the inestimable privileges which he bequeathed, are trifled with or invaded. Consecrated by the triumphs of Yorktown,—hallowed by the name and the memory of WASHINGTON,—and associated with the recollections of our Company for nearly seventy years, they will remain our perpetual joy and pride. When you and I, my Brother Soldiers, are gathered to our Fathers, these guns will continue among those who shall hereafter constitute the members of this our honored Corps, a bond of unchanging union, and a pledge of patriotic action whenever duty calls.

General JAMES JACKSON in his Brigade Orders of the fifteenth of July, 1791, returns his thanks to the Chat-ham Regiment, of which our Company was a member, for the efficient service rendered in the destruction of the huts, and in the breaking up of an incampment of runaway negroes, who, in the vicinity of Savannah, had been committing many daring outrages.

Our third Captain was JOSIAH TATTNALL, JR., a name famous in the history of our City and State, and worthily perpetuated in the person of his noble repre-

sentative, who, upon the quarter-deck, at Vera Cruz, at the affair of the Peiho, and elsewhere, has illustrated the dignity and the chivalrous virtues of his Father.

Captain TATTNALL was successively honored with the position of Colonel of the Chatham Regiment, with that of Brigadier General of the First Brigade, of the First Division — and with a seat in the State Legislature at various times. He afterwards became a Member of Congress, and finally was elevated to the highest office within the gift of his admiring fellow citizens.

Dying in the West Indies in 1804, it was his last wish, that his body should be brought home and interred in the bosom of that State, and near the graves of those he loved so well. That desire has been gratified; and he now sleeps beneath the solemn shades of those venerable Live Oaks, which in commingled grandeur and beauty, with their over-arching branches protect the Cemetery at Bonaventure, long the family seat of the TATTNALLS.

He was succeeded in the command by JAMES ROBERTSON, who was duly elected Captain on the 7th July, 1794.

In 1793, great disturbances prevailed along the frontiers of Georgia. The Creek Indians attacking the white settlements from Clark County to the St. Mary's River, plundered and murdered whenever opportunity occurred. The citizens of Glynn and Camden fled to the Sea-Islands for isolation and protection. The territory then settled by the whites, was bounded West by the Ocoee River to the Altamaha, and from its junction with

the Ocmulgee, by a line drawn across to the St. Mary's River. The few inhabitants of at present McIntosh and Liberty Counties were under arms, and had in many instances fortified their dwellings. Two men had recently been killed by the Indians on the public road between Riceboro and the Ogeechee River, about a mile from the point where Mrs. FULTON's house now stands. Even the City of Savannah was believed to be in danger, and reports were in circulation that the Lower Creeks were preparing to cross the Great Ogeechee at the place now occupied by Jenckes' Bridge. Under these circumstances, the *Chatham Light Artillery*, (for that was then the name of our Company,) with alacrity and unanimity tendered their services,—to march wheresoever directed,—to their gallant and then veteran Colonel, SAMUEL HAMMOND, commanding the Chatham Regiment. That tender was accepted, and the Company ordered at once to proceed and take post at the plantation of Captain SAUNDERS, in Liberty County, the then most exposed portion of the settlements which had not been deserted. Twenty-nine men rank and file, under the command of then Lieutenant JAMES ROBERTSON, reported immediately for this duty. We have now among the archives of our Corps, a Muster Roll duly authenticated and bearing date the 28th May, 1793, containing the names in full of the members who were then in active service. This precious relic was presented to the Company in 1848, by the late lamented and esteemed Colonel JOSEPH W JACKSON.

Thirteen years ago, the Hon. THOMAS SPALDING, one of the early members of our Corps, addressed a communication to the Company, giving us his recollections of this expedition. I quote from that letter:

"The Company marched from Savannah at four o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the Widow YOUNG's, about eight or nine miles from Savannah, at dark. As they had no tents, the members sheltered themselves under her buildings during the night. The next morning at an early hour we marched, and although delayed a little at the Ogeechee, reached Mid-way Meeting House after dark -- where we slept that night, upon the benches of the Church. The Meeting House was then on the opposite side of the Road, where the Grave-Yard now stands. The House was built of logs, for the first Meeting House had been burned by General PREVOST, during the Revolutionary War, on the same day that General CHARLES SCRIVEN fell, for it was here that General CHARLES SCRIVEN died. The next day we marched via Riceboro', that our officers might see what provisions were procurable at that place. There was a Stockade, and also a Block-House at the west-end of Riceboro', into which the villagers might retire. We reached Capt. SAUNDER's about four o'clock in the afternoon. We found himself, with a few armed men, and a few armed negroes, in a house with a high brick foundation, — the house weather-boarded — but filled in with brick between the frame — the doors and windows well barricaded, and furnished with port-holes.

It was unincumbered with piazzas or out buildings, and was quite defensible against small arms. That night we remained sheltered under his roof; but the next day we moved about a quarter of a mile to where his barn and overseer's house stood, and with the aid of his negroes threw up a light entrenchment around both buildings. The negroes occupied the barn at night, and we slept in the overseer's house. One half of our force scoured the Country every day. Our morning and evening gun echoed through the woods. There we spent our allotted time. Our commanding officer, Col. HAMMOND, visited us, and spent two days with us. For my own part, I never was happier, I had been educated in Liberty County. I was the youngest person in the Corps. My friends loaded me with kindness. Mr. COUPER sent me brandy and sugar from Riceboro' Capt. JOHN WHITE-HEAD sent me mutton and other things from his plantation fourteen miles off. Dr. HENRY WOOD did the same.

"My mess consisted of CHARLES HARRISS, JAMES ALGER, WILLIAM MORRIS, JOHN Y WHITE, and ISAAC LEGARDERE, the best singer and the best cook in camp. Col. HAMMOND joined our mess while in camp, and all was peace and quietude around us while we remained."

Captain ROBERTSON was a brave man, a fine officer, and an accomplished gentleman. The Corps flourished under his command. He was beloved by his corps, and respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Our fifth Captain, was BENJAMIN WALL, a man of courage, of great physical strength, and possessed of remarkable powers of endurance. For many years he efficiently discharged the duties of United States Marshal for this District.

The Corps at this time and for a long period subsequent, paraded regularly once a month. All defaulters were tried by a Court of Enquiry. Assemblages of the Company were held at the Laboratory. The non-commissioned officers were annually elected on the first of May to serve for the term of one year. The celebrations of the fourth of July, and the first of May, were generally concluded by an elegant dinner at the Laboratory, where, in the language of our "minutes," *the hours were spent in the usual harmony and good fellowship so characteristic of this Company.*

The uniform of the Corps was at this time very like, if not quite identical with the old Continental uniform.

RICHARD M. STITES, the son of a captain of Artillery in the army of the Revolution, was our next commander. An Attorney by profession—a remarkably accurate conveyancer, of excellent business habits, and of strict probity, he was for many years in the enjoyment of an extensive and lucrative practice. He died in 1813. In life, he secured the affectionate regard of his Company, and was respected by all for his many virtues. In death, his memory pleasant to his friends, and cherished by his former Command, is not forgotten.

ROBERT MACKAY, was duly elected as his successor.

A member of the firm of Mein, Mackay & Co.,— one of the largest and most influential commercial houses of Savannah,— he was noted for his courtly manners, his uniform amiability, and the graces of his person. In fine, he was the accomplished gentleman.

During the war of 1812, the first Regiment of the Georgia Militia was called into active service by order of Brigadier General Floyd. Fort Jackson was then occupied by a Detachment of the Chatham Artillery. The Company was also engaged in the construction of lines of fortifications enclosing our City, and in the performance of various other duties required of them in the presence of the enemy, who had possession of the Coast of Georgia by Fleet under command of Admiral COCKBURN, and of the adjacent Islands by military forces stationed on Cumberland Island and its vicinity.

The fortifications then erected around the City consisted of earth-works, with batteries mounted upon platforms at irregular intervals. The line of Fortifications commenced near the intersection of Farm Street with the River: thence running South along the Western edge of the ridge upon which the City was built, until it reached and enclosed Spring Hill; thence bending to East and South East, it surrounded the old Jail; and thence pursuing a North Easterly direction, crossing East Broad Street at the intersection of South Broad Street, until it reached the Magazine, when an almost due North course conducted it along the brow of the hill again to the River. Fort Wayne, then in existence

and regularly fortified, occupied the present site of the Gas works. .

In January, 1815 the Chatham Artillery with the First Regiment, and other forces raised in the State, was mustered into the service of the United States, and remained on duty day and night, until peace was proclaimed in February of the same year.

The company was then mustered out of service by Col. Boot, Inspector General, and received the pay of the regular Army.

Our eighth commander, was WILLIAM THORN WILLIAMS. (Elected Dec. 10th, 1816.) After the cessation of hostilities with England, wearied with the continued routine of military duty, and busied with those increased engagements which resulted from the influx of commerce, and the transmission of the accumulated agricultural products of several years, the Volunteer Organizations of our City, as might reasonably be expected, suffered some diminution in their numbers. Under the efficient and spirited command of Capt. WILLIAMS however, the Corps soon recovered its wonted strength and activity, and numbered upon its Muster-Roll the names of Sixty-Three active members. For eight years did he retain the sincere respect and affection of the Company, and then resigned his commission, only to assume the responsible duties of Major of the First Regiment, to the discharge of which he had been called by the unanimous voice of his fellow soldiers. He still ~~lives~~ in the happy appreciation of those pleas-

ures which are the reward of a well spent life, and here to-day, testifies by his honored presence, his abiding interest in the welfare of his former Command. He will accept the heart-felt assurances of our unchanging respect and esteem.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Captain WILLIAMS, was filled on the 14th December, 1824, by the election of PETER BLOIS.

On the nineteenth of March, 1825, our City was honored, and all hearts were gladdened by a visit from General LAFAYETTE. The ovation voluntarily decreed by young and old, rich and poor, bond and free, was second only to that, which thirty four years before, had been extended to General Washington.

Time and your patience forbid that we now recount the illustrious ceremonies of that day. The recollection of them, and of the joys which they imparted, still lives I doubt not in the memory of some whom I now address, and has been perpetuated in a permanent substantial form.

In full ranks, your bosoms throbbing with generous emotions, you my Fellow Soldiers, participated in the splendid military display which greeted his coming. From our WASHINGTON GUNS rang out the deep-toned welcome to the distinguished Hero, who, after the lapse of nearly half a century, revisited the scenes of his early glory and renown.

Deeming this a fitting opportunity for paying a tribute of gratitude which had been already too long de-

layed, the citizens of Savannah determined to avail themselves of this happy and interesting occasion to lay the corner-stones of two monuments to be thereafter erected, the one to the memory of General NATHANIEL GREENE, who was justly considered the savior of the South in her Revolutionary struggle; and the other to the memory of the brave PULASKI, who, despairing of the cause of Liberty in his own country, had sacrificed his life while contending for the freedom of ours. In the presence of the assembled citizens and of the soldiery,—under the most attractive circumstances, and amid the approving plaudits of our well-trained battery, those corner-stones were placed by General LAFAYETTE.

Twenty-eight years afterwards another corner-stone was laid, upon which now rests the beautiful monument in Monterey Square. A national salute from our Company,—then under the command of Captain GALLIE,—concluded one of the most brilliant and imposing civic and military pageants ever witnessed in Savannah.

By a vote of Congress it had been resolved that a monument should be erected to the memory of PULASKI. Mr. GERRY, Mr. LIVINGSTON, and Mr. HARNETT, were appointed a Committee to carry that resolution into effect. That monument was never erected; and the vote still stands, at once an acknowledgment of the services and merits of a brave man, and to a certain extent at least, a mortifying illustration of the forgetfulness and the ingratitude of Republics.

It was reserved for Georgia,—the youngest of the “Original Thirteen,”—for Savannah,—the City whose soil had been consecrated by the outpouring of his generous blood,—to redeem this pledge thus given and thus neglected by the General Government, and to testify her grateful appreciation of the illustrious services and pure devotion of PULASKI.

Invoking the aid of a Polish Artist to embody their gratitude in some permanent artistic memorial, the citizens of Savannah caused to be erected in one of the high places of our City, a monument, which in its purity of conception,—symmetry of outline,—and varied attractions,—rises a perfect gem of art.

Often have you seen it, and never have you passed beneath its shadow, without pausing to give expression to those ennobling thoughts which its presence inspires.

The morning sun beams kindly upon its fair proportions, infusing into every sculptured line new life and beauty. His evening rays linger in soft radiance about its summit. The storm, in its wild career, ruffles not a single plume of that puissant eagle,—the symbolic bird of both Poland and America,—as he jealously guards the united emblems of Poland and Georgia. The lightning of Heaven in its erratic course, harms not the Goddess of Liberty, as from her lofty pedestal she keeps her vestal vigils.

Standing almost upon the very spot where fell the Hero whose virtues it commemorates,—ever repeating the story of departed greatness,—ever reminding us of

the glorious recollections of our Revolutionary period, ever inspiring the men of our times with veneration for the Past, gratitude for the Present, and fervent hope for the uninterrupted prosperity of the Future, it will remain when the children of this and of other generations are gathered to their Fathers. It will stand amid the changes of years, and the revolutions of States, a noble monument of a people's gratitude, more vocal in the undying memories which cluster about it, than the fabled statue of Memnon.

On the second day of February, 1826, CHARLES M. KING was duly elected Captain of our Corps, and for a period of six years retained its active command. Our battery then consisted of two four-pounder brass pieces, and the Washington Guns. The four stated parades, on the 8th January, 22d February, 1st May, and 4th July, were regularly observed. Target practice on the 22d February. A detachment of the Corps always on alarm duty,—the alarm-post being fixed at the Laboratory, and the signal agreed upon for the immediate assemblage of the Corps in the event of any unusual disturbance or danger, the discharge of three guns in quick succession.

Ex-Captain KING still lives, and although at quite a remove from us, never forgets, on the recurrence of our Anniversary, to assure the Company of his sincere remembrance of, and abiding interest in their every well-fare.

Our eleventh Captain was CHARLES STEPHENS. En-

tering the Army at an early age, he served as Ensign of Infantry in the South-West. Advanced to the rank of Lieutenant, he was present at Pensacola when the British were compelled by the forces under General JACKSON to evacuate the harbor and blow up Fort Barancas. He was subsequently stationed on the Mississippi River as an Adjutant of one of the regular regiments of Infantry, when New-Orleans was attacked by the English forces under PACKENHAM, on the ever memorable 8th January 1815. Important services were also rendered by him under General ANDREW JACKSON during the Indian Wars.

He brought to the discharge of the duties devolving upon him as the Captain of our Corps, social qualifications of no ordinary character, a fine military experience, and an aptitude for command. The Company flourished.

In 1835, serious hostilities occurred between the Whites and the Indians in Florida. Obeying the impulses of his brave, generous heart, he accepted the command of a Detachment of Volunteers, and with our then First Lieutenant NICOLL, and a battery of two pieces, immediately repaired to Picolata. The efficient services there rendered by him were appreciated by all, and elicited marked and well merited expressions of approbation and commendation from General CLINCH.

Although unable in an organized capacity to accompany their Captain upon this expedition, our Corps was not unmindful of him during his absence. In pursu-

ance of a resolution adopted on the 3rd February, 1836, a quantity of excellent wine was purchased and forwarded to him by the steamboat Florida.

In 1838, when difficulties of a grave character were apprehended with the Cherokee Indians, the following resolution was unanimously passed, and a copy forwarded to the Governor: "that this Company will cheerfully respond to any call his Excellency the Governor shall make upon us."

The Chatham Artillery,—under the command of then Lieutenant GALLIE,—in 1844, made an excursion to Macon and were generously received and delightfully entertained by the Volunteer military organizations of that City.

In July, 1845, we fired a salute of seventy-eight minute guns at five o'clock in the morning—another salute of seventy-eight guns at mid-day—and a similar salute at five o'clock in the afternoon, as a last tribute of respect to the memory of Ex-President ANDREW JACKSON.

On the nineteenth of May, 1846,—upon the occasion of the commencement of hostilities between the United States and Mexico,—the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Corps: "Resolved, That the Commanding Officer inform his Excellency the Governor of the State, that the Chatham Artillery do now, as always, hold themselves in readiness to respond promptly to any call that may be made upon them, to execute the laws, suppress insurrection, or repel invasion.

The corner-stone of our present Armory Building was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the seventh of September, 1847,—an oration on the occasion being pronounced by Private JAMES W. PRESTON; Ex-Captain WILLIAMS adjusting the stone, and applying the trowel.

For a period of seventeen years did Capt. STEPHENS faithfully, efficiently, and honorably retain the command of our Corps. I need not remind you, my Fellow Soldiers, of the firm and almost unbounded attachment with which he regarded our organization. We owe much to him. The life of our social meetings—full of the warmest friendship for each member of the Corps,—the very soul of harmony,—appreciating the pleasures and forgetting not the duties which belong to the efficient commander of a time-honored Company,—filling with distinction the high position of the citizen soldier,—his memory lives in the history of our Corps, and in the happy recollection of many of you my Brother Artillerists.

Almost the last act of his life, was on the 8th January immediately preceding his lamented demise, rising from his couch, to put on his uniform, and with trembling footstep—trembling, because the image of the grave was already foreshadowed in his weakened frame—appear upon the balcony of his residence, that he might receive and acknowledge the salute of his beloved command.

It was a sad day when with measured tread, and muffled drum, we followed his lifeless form to that silent and lonely dwelling prepared for all the living.

On the tenth of February, 1849, we duly elected as our next Commander, Lieutenant JOHN B. GALLIE.

I may not now allude to the many virtues, and the signal excellencies of our esteemed Ex-Captain. He is with us to day, and in his presence it becomes me simply to mention his name, to awaken in your bosoms responsive memories sincerely cherished. The ties which bind us to him, are not and cannot be severed; for although in the command of the Savannah Artillery, — our younger sister, of dignified mien, and stately tread, — he still wears our uniform, and we look with pleasure and with pride to his name still written upon the honorary list of our Company. Long may he live, infusing into his new command, that esprit de Corps, that discipline, and that fraternal feeling so characteristic of the old.

Accepting the invitation of the Washington Light Artillery to unite with them in the celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, we repaired to Charleston in February, 1850, were there reviewed by Governor Seabrook, and for two days became the recipients of lavish hospitalities, and distinguished courtesies, at the hands of the Military Organizations of our Sister City.

The year following, our company was called upon to mourn the death of its oldest member, the Hon. THOMAS SPALDING.

In June, 1852, in consequence of certain marked disturbances, and continued acts of lawlessness perpetrated

within the limits of Savannah by unknown parties, the Chatham Artillery entered upon the performance of active patrol duty at night, in the streets, and upon the outskirts of the City, with marked benefit to the peace and good order of our community.

The same year, in compliance with the request of the Citizens of Liberty County, a Detachment of our Company marched to Midway Meeting House, and there fired a salute of One Hundred guns, in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of the settlement of that County.

In addition to the attractions which attended the celebration of the 22d February, 1853, we should mention the association of the Chatham Artillery, the Republican Blues, and the Savannah Volunteer Guards into a volunteer military organization known as **THE WASHINGTON LEGION**.

Although we have been compelled reluctantly to part with the Savannah Volunteer Guards, that Legion still exists, an honorable bond of friendship between the members who compose it,—a tribute to the memory of the illustrious Hero whose name it bears—and a source of unfeigned pride to our City. Long may that union last, each returning anniversary, with its accompanying pleasures, serving but to knit even more closely,—if that were possible,—the ties which bind the Republican Blues and the Chatham Artillery in the bonds of a common Brotherhood.

Our thirteenth Commander, was the Hon. JOHN E.

WARD,—one whom our Company, our City, our State, and the United States have delighted to honor. Whether in the social circle, at the Bar, in the Legislative Halls, or as a Minister Plenipotentiary in a far distant Country, he has in each and every position illustrated the virtues of the great, and reflected credit upon the land which gave him birth. The last sounds that fell upon his ear, when leaving his native State upon his recent mission,—a mission which he has so signally accomplished,—were the farewell notes of our battery; and among the welcoming hands and the sincere gratulations which awaited his return,—none were warmer, none truer, than those extended by his old comrades of the Chatham Artillery.

On the 12th May, 1856, our Company with marked ceremonies, paid their last tribute of respect to the memory of our illustrious member GEORGE M. TROUP.

On the 20th July, 1858, my Fellow Soldiers, we unanimously elected our present worthy, efficient, and beloved Commander, JOSEPH S. CLAGHORN.

I may not now pause my Comrades, to give expression to those emotions of especial pride, and of pleasure which fill your breasts, at bare mention of his name. Our well filled ranks,—our discipline,—our subordination,—the deep seated attachment which we bear for our organization,—and the fraternal feeling existing among our membership,—all attest the efficiency, and the happy influence of his command. Your brightening eyes do but feebly express the sincere esteem, respect,

and affection, which we all, Officers and Privates, entertain for him. Long may he grace the uniform he wears, and wield the sword of command which this day he bears.

The uniform of our Corps, originally nearly allied to the "Old Continental," — in which the swallow tail coat with its buff trimmings, the yellow vest with heavy side pockets — knee-breeches, and old-fashioned cocked-hat, played such important parts, — was essentially modified in the early part of this century. It was again changed to a considerable extent in 1832, and subsequently in 1835; finally assuming those engaging and striking characteristics, which render it so unique, dignified, and attractive. Until within a comparatively recent period, the cap used, consisted of a tall leather Hat, — profusely ornamented with gilt mountings, — large gilt eagle in front, — and heavy scale; from a brass socket some two and a half inches high, flowing a beautiful fountain plume of scarlet horse hair. The wings then worn, consisted of yellow sheep-skin rolls. The present elegant and imposing Chapeau, with its graceful plume of scarlet ostrich feathers, was adopted on the 4th April, 1843: our present wings, on the 7th October, 1847, and the present belt, sword, and fatigue cap in 1854.

Need I here recall my Fellow Soldiers, the pleasant memories which cluster in such rich profusion about our Nashville excursion in June, 1859? Have you forgotten the distinguished marks of consideration attending us everywhere, both upon our journey to, and

our return from the “City of the Rocks”? Have you forgotten that universal welcome,—a welcome flowing alike from the open hearts of manly forms, and the tender bosoms of beautiful women and children in gala attire, scattering flowers which mingled their sweet perfumes with the happy greeting;—a welcome, the tribute of a generous people,—recognized in the living shouts of joy which rent the air, as with banners flying, and amid the discharge of Artillery, we made our little less than triumphal entry into that City? Have you forgotten the numberless attentions lavished upon us during our sojourn of three days among those beautiful hills, and within the shadow of that Capitol, in its purity of conception, symmetry of form, and calm quiet repose, reminding of the Parthenon at Athens? Have you ceased to remember that memorable visit to the Hermitage, when, within the precincts of its consecrated garden, with uncovered heads and in silence, we gathered around the tomb of Jackson, and there paid our heartfelt tribute of respect and veneration for the memory of one of the noblest and bravest men into whose breast the God of battles ever infused the living spark? Have you forgotten the holy influence of that room in which the old Hero fought his last battle, and from which his disenthralled spirit rose triumphant over death and the grave? Have you ceased to remember the glad welcome extended by our brother members of the Volunteer Corps of this City, upon our return? No my Comrades, these pleasant recollections, with all their

bright concomitants, are, and will be, ever cherished by us among the happiest memories of our Corps.

And how shall I commemorate your recent services in behalf of the State, and of our Southern Confederacy, in the occupation of Fort Pulaski? How shall we sufficiently admire the alacrity and the zeal with which you responded to the first call of his Excellency, the Governor, and forsaking the attractions of home, disregarding the claims of private interests, and turning away from the allurements of pleasure, repaired at a moments warning to the post of duty and of honor?

That post of honor and of duty was also believed, my brave Comrades, to be the post of danger; and although that tour of self-sacrifice, of protracted labor, and of rigid discipline passed without bringing with it the carnage of battle and the alarms of actual warfare, we have the satisfaction of knowing, and of realizing in our inmost souls, that we stood prepared to brave every peril in the defence of the honor of our State and Confederacy,—in the maintenance of the exalted rights and ennobling principles for which we were contending,—and in the protection of the peace and the security of our beloved City.

In after years, when the rough-hewn image of the present shall have risen into all the beauty, dignity, and proportion of a perfect masterpiece,—when present labors shall have secured their rich rewards,—when our aims and purposes shall have achieved their legitimate and glorious results,—when the land shall be

flooded with the noon-tide effulgence of our newly risen sun, another orator, upon another anniversary occasion, shall find in the memories of this day, and in the generous, hightoned, patriotic actions of this period, a theme, whose praise may well demand and exhaust his proudest powers.

Thus my Fellow Soldiers have we briefly alluded to some of the more prominent recollections, which are suggested by a review of the history of our venerable and beloved Corps. We have looked only at the scattered hill-tops as it were, upon which the light of history has rested. Time and the patience of this respected auditory forbid that we stoop to gather the sweet flowers of memory springing everywhere, and exhaling their delicate perfumes in that gentler sunshine, which nestles so softly in the quiet, retired valleys. And yet, in view of even this hasty retrospect, where amid your well filled detachments, the eye that does not kindle at sight of these recollections? Where the heart that does not feel prepared anew to consecrate its affections, and to contribute its energies in perpetuating the good name, the dignity, and the every welfare of our time honored Organization? Where the Cannonier, who fails to recognize the more than ordinary obligations resting upon him, intelligently and bravely to discharge the duties which he has assumed as a citizen soldier, and as a Member of the Chatham Artillery?

The attachment which binds us to our Company,—a Company, upon whose blazon age, and honor, and

patriotism, and friendship, and virtue have placed their seals of consecration,—is peculiar in its character, and finds within your heart of hearts in its quiet appreciated power, a readier recognition than in any description which I might attempt.

For myself, there is a magic influence in the simple presence of that magnificent uniform,—a magic influence in the warm grasp, denoting the fellowship which exists between brother members of the Chatham Artillery,—a magic influence in the proud memories which belong to our Corps, and in the recollections of the life-history of many who have fostered, and who have been connected with our organization. There is an acknowledged power in the intelligent comprehension of the causes which gave us being, and of the ennobling objects which have continued our existence. These attachments shall know no change until this beating heart forgets its emotions,—until these eyes shall kindle no longer at accustomed sight of friendships prized, at thought of associations cherished. And when this uniform shall be exchanged for the habiliments of the grave, I pray you, my Brothers, forget not the last funeral parade, forget not the last solemn salute from our single gun.

Need I delay you longer my Comrades, to name the fraternal feeling, unaffected by the excitement of politics,—unchanged by the reverses of fortune, which has always characterized the intercourse between the members of our Company? Shall I here commemorate the high regard which we have ever entertained for the

other volunteer Military Organizations of our City,—the entire absence of everything savoring of jealousy or rivalry,—and the unfeigned pleasure with which we have always welcomed their and our guests from abroad;—or bring to your remembrance the special enjoyments experienced on gala occasions, upon the parade, at target practice, or around the festive board? Shall I point you to that catalogue of membership running unbroken through Seventy-five years, chronicling the names of many whom not only we ourselves, but our City, our State, and the nation have delighted to honor? Do you forget the marked privileges conferred upon our Corps by special Legislative enactment?

Shall I point you to the dignity and the responsibilities with which the Citizen Soldier at this period, and in this Country, is invested;—or remind you of the fact, that volunteer military organizations like our own, are, and must be identified with the civilization of the age;—that to them must we look, especially at this time, for a practical illustration of heroic virtue, and of self-sacrificing devotion?

Need I dwell upon the peculiar excellencies of the Artillery, as perhaps the most important arm of military service, particularly during the present crisis, and in our immediate section of the Country;—or bring to your contemplation the stern duties, and the dangerous engagements which we may be called upon to perform? Most willingly Brother Soldiers would I enter upon the portrayal, did I not feel assured that this would be a

work of supererrogation. You have your pledges for the Future, in your recorded vouchers of the Past. Remembering the consecrated recollections, and the proud memories of former years, appreciating the responsibilities of the present, you will continue to declare your manhood in time to come.

I may not now enter upon an analysis of the peculiar questions involved in this present crisis. They have been already time and again fully discussed. They are intelligently comprehended. Principles of Justice, of Equality, of Property, of Honor, of Humanity, of Religion, are all at stake; and he who will not in their maintenance follow where his intuitive sense of duty, of right, and of hightoned manhood must lead him, deserves not the name of freeman. If faint hearts are looking back, it is too late to retire from the contest. Good men, the wise, the highminded, the brave, all urge to heroic action. The God-speed of the reverend Clergy goes with us. Our Wives, and Daughters, and Mothers bid us onward. Our Country calls upon her Sons to bare their breasts in her defence.

Inspired by the holy principles we espouse, — in sight of the homes of those we love, and of the green graves of our fathers, — nerved in the sacred cause of Liberty, of Truth, and of Independence, we are invincible by any force a malignant, blinded, and fanatical enemy may send against us.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,

And Jacob's God is still our aid

* * * * *

* * * * *

In his salvation is our hope :

And in the name of Israel's God

Our troops shall lift their banners up,

Our Navies spread their flags abroad.

*

Heaven only knows how long or how thickly our skies may be overcast. But of this we may rest assured, that although the night be dark, the morning with all its gladsome light, and joy, and sunshine, will eventually dawn upon us. Our Brothers are already in the field. The answering shores of South Carolina, and the echoing waves of Charleston Harbor, are proclaiming aloud the greatness of their deeds. The God of battles smiling upon their patriotic chivalrous struggle, sent them the victory, and the Flag of these Confederate States now floats in beauty and in triumph from the parapets of Fort Sumter.

Virginia, the Mother of Heroes, and Patriots, and Statesmen, raises her approving voice, and joins us in our glorious mission. North-Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland, Arkansas, and Kentucky are preparing to assert their sovereignty, and declare their sympathy with their sister Southern States. Thus act succeeds act in this wonderful drama, and we now stand in the eye of a regenerated age, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. Should the policy of Mr. LINCOLN and his Black Republican Administration

be carried into effect, and the pure waters of our Rivers and Harbors be defiled by the presence of blockading fleets, we much mistake the metal of this Southern Confederacy, and the character of our esteemed President,—at once Soldier and Statesman,—if a great Southern Army, attracting as it advances the good men and true of every section, shall not be soon upon the march, whose mission it shall be, to rescue the tomb of WASHINGTON from the pollution of a fanatical rule, and if need be, to plant our standard upon the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

Let the Black Republicans rave among the cold hills of their native States, and grow mad at home with entertainment of heresies, of infidelity, and of abstract conceptions of a “higher law,” but in God’s name, let them never in hostile array, attempt to set foot upon this our land of sunshine, of high-souled virtue, and of liberty.

Profoundly realizing the fact, that our first obligations are due at home, and near our family altars; that for their protection was our organization formed;—our battery fully appointed and ready for action,—our caissons well filled with cartridges, prepared by the patriotic labors of our fair country-women,—with hearts beating calmly, yet firmly beneath this inspiring uniform,—we, the Officers and Members of the Chatham Artillery, do hereby most solemnly pledge, whenever this our soil is invaded, or these our liberties are threatened, to the defence of you, our beloved Mothers, Wives, Daughters,

Sisters, to the safe-guard of our beloved city, and to the support of our new-born Confederacy, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors.

My eyes rest upon the banner fashioned by the hand of beauty, hallowed by the labors, the smiles and the good wishes of the Wives and Daughters of our Non-Commissioned Officers, which has this morning been placed by them a holy trust in our keeping.

Upon its silken folds are displayed in simple and yet most impressive form, the Stars and Stripes — emblematic alike of all that was true, virtuous, brave, equal, and patriotic in the old Union, and of all that is ennobling, hopeful, and chivalrous in the aspirations of our young and glorious Confederacy. With pride and in honor, my Fellow Soldiers, you have rallied around your former standards in sunshine and in storm. You will cherish this with a devotion, which will kindle anew with every recurring year.

Upon the fair name of our time-honored Corps there rests not a single stain; and here, my Comrades, with all the ennobling recollections of the Past crowding thick and fast upon me,—in full view of the responsibilities of the Present,—and with a firm reliance upon the successful issues of the Future,—in the presence of these fair Ladies, who have honored our Celebration with their approbation and their smiles,—in the presence of these esteemed witnesses,—in this the morning of our new Nationality,—and upon this our Seventy-Fifth Anniversary, for you, for myself, as Citizen Sol-

diers, I desire to renew the oath of allegiance which binds us to our Company, to our City, to our State, and to our Country.

Let but the emergency come, and by all that is sacred, by all that we hold dear, this Banner shall wave in triumph over our conquering heads; drooping only, when the carnage of the battle has left not an eye to kindle at its presence, not an arm to be lifted in its protection.

Marching from the Theatre, to the Residence of Lieutenant Jones, the Corps there partook of a glass of wine with him, and thence proceeded to the Eastern extremity of the Bay, where a salute of Eight guns was fired in honor of the day.

Returning to the Armory, the Guns were parked, and the Corps dismissed.

The parade of this day was^{the} the largest ever made in the history of the Company.

The following is a complete Roll of the present membership of the Chatham Artillery.

R O L L
OF THE
Chatham Artillery,

May 1, 1861.

—
Captain.

JOSEPH S. CLAGHORN.

—
Lieutenants.

1st—CHARLES C. JONES, Jr. 2d—JULIAN HARTRIDGE.
3d—WILLIAM M. DAVIDSON.

—
Sergeants.

1st—THOMAS A. ASKEW. 3d—SAMUEL P. BELL.
2d—JOHN GAMMELL. 4th—JAMES H. DEMUND.

—
Corporals.

1st—S. PARKMAN HALSEY. 3d—BENJAMIN H. HARDEE.
2d—JOHN F. WHEATON. 4th—JACOB F. DOE.

—
Lance Corporals.

JOHN G. DEITZ. JOHN A. LEWIS.
JAMES A. COURVOISIE. SAMUEL B. PALMER.
GEORGE A. WHITEHEAD.

Pribates.

Bailey, Frederick W.	Johnson, Elliott C.
Bertody, Thomas D.	Johnson, Warren
Bilbo, John	Jones, Samuel
Bliss, Alfred	King, William Nephew
Bogart, William S.	King, MacLeod
Boston, John	Lathrop, James W
Butler, Osceola	Lawton, Edward P.
Callahan, Daniel	Lattimore, William
Cannon, Charles	Linville, Henry H.
Cevor, Charles	Marshall, Theodore B.
Charlton, Andrew H.	May, William H.
Christian, Henry R.	Miller, James
Coolidge, William	Miller, Thomas R.
Crawford, Robert A.	Mills, Enoch
Cunningham, Thomas M.	Mitchell, Stephen W
Daniel, John S.	Morse, Horace
Dickson, William G.	McDonald, James W.
Dumas, Henry B.	Norton, John R.
Einstein, Abraham	O'Byrne, James L.
Estabrook, George C.	Palmer, Herbert A.
Falligant, Louis A.	Prendergast, Joseph I.
Farr, Joseph M.	Pritchard, William R.
Finlayson, John	Richmond, Henry A.
Garden, Frederick A.	Sanchez, Bernardino S.
Gaudry, Julius B.	Scranton, Henry H.
Gray, Patrick	Sheftall, Mordecai G.
Gray, Willie G.	Sims, Frederick W.
Greiner, Charles A.	Stibbs, Henry
Guerard, John M.	Tilden, Barnard G.
Guilmartin, Laurence J.	Treanor, Michael D.
Hackett, Elisha L.	Warner, William
Harden, William D.	Washburn, Joseph Jr.
Hartridge, Alfred L.	Washburn, Henry K.
Hertz, Frederick E.	Webb, George S.
Horton, Humphrey P.	Willington, George
Johnston, John M.	Zeigler, Solomon
Johnson, George O.	Zeigler, William

Exempt Members.

Baldwin, Daniel H.	Cope, George L.
Buker, Edward W.	Buckner, James H.
	Lovell, Edward

Absent Members.

Boiseuillet, John T.	Dunning, William H.
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Honorary Members.

Welman, Francis H.	Washburn, Joseph
Bond, Samuel M.	Beals, Joseph A.
Williams, William Thorne	Luce, Alonzo B.
Nicoll, John C.	Hager, Elisha
King, Charles M.	McCleskey, George A.
Jones, James M.	Henry, Albert G.
Mallery, John	Camp, Daniel B.
Box, Thomas N.	Lama, John
Duncan, William	Parsons, Elisha
Wright, Allen R.	Ash, Charles B.
Sorrel, Francis	Tufts, Martin
Gallie, John B.	Bulloch, William G.
Low, Andrew	Hone, William
Ward, John E.	Barrie, Claudius E.
McHenry, James	Mooney, Martin D.
Cunningham, John	Cuyler, Richard R.
Mercer, Hugh W.	Buckner, Milton J.
Wilder, John R.	Wetter, Augustus P.
Locke, Joseph L.	Lincoln, William W.
Symons, William R.	Maddox, Thomas A.
	Cass, Michael L.

